## WITH THE PEOPLE OF DICKENS: Frank G. Carpenter Sees London Characters of the Great Novelist's Stories.

## On the Strand When It Is Crowded With Holiday Merrymakers, Coster Types and Fagins.



STREEPS WHO CLEAN THE REE TIMES A YEAR

London, England, August S.-London is the center of the American invasion. Huudreds of thousands of American dollars are pouring into it, and our capitalists hope to take millions out. It is the fattest morsel in the world's commercial larder, and thousands of speculative mice from every part of the earth are hungering for it. There are to-day 30,000 American residents in London, not including the floating population of tens of thousands more. The city has more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Irishmen than Dublin, more Jews than Palestine and more Roman Catholics than kome. It has tens of thousands of Italians Germans and Franch and results from ians. Germans and French and people from India, Africa and the islands of the seas.

I despair of being able to give a conception of the size of London. I have been here for weeks and it grows bigger every day. The statistics show that it has more people than New York and Chicago combined. It is bigger than any two capitals of conthental Europe, it has a greater population than New England and it exceeds is the governed by Kings. By the latest figures it has more than six end one-half million people, or about one-seventh of all the peo-ple of Great Britain and Ireland and one-fourth of all those who live in cities.

I have gone to the top of the monument, stead Heath to try and get a view of the

WILDERNESS OF HOUSES OVERHUNG BY SMOKE.

It extends on and on, a vast wilderness of houses overhung by a dense smoke which shrouds the whole in an autumn haze and at times makes you think you are looking through the spectacles of smoked glass. The smoke is so thick that it clogs the chimneys, and in some parts of the city the chimney sweeps clean them three times

year. The city extends out for a radius of fitteen miles from Charing Cross; it em-braces an area of about seven hundred quare section farms, and in it there are

streets and roads. Think of that and figure out what a chore it would be to explore the city on foot. If should walk day and night, not stopminute, you could not tramp through all of London's streets in a year. If the ts were placed end to end, beginning here, they would reach across Europe, making a paved walk, walled with houses, over France, Germany and Russia, across the Ural Mountains and the highlands of Thibet and clear through China to the Pacific Ocean. All the way you would find the streets well paved, and some of them othest, hardest and best streets in bulldings and tens of thousands of dirty lit-

runken poor upon earth.
You would find plenty of places to eat and drink along the way. about 8,000 saloons, something like 2,000 cof-fee-houses, and it has thousands of restaurants and places for tea and cake. It has

tle two and three-story blocks packed with

London's poor, the most wretched and most

little inns which have rooms for a score. London is a city of millionaires and paupers-of thousands who are very rich, of hundreds of thousands who spend money as freely as any people on earth, and of a million or so who are wretchedly poor. The town has 199,000 paupers, and I cannot tell how many millionaires. It has a King who has a civil list of \$2,000,000 a year, and dukes and carls who own towns and vast estates, and lords and other golden drones gaiore. In the West End, about Hyde Park, you drive through street after street of magnificent palaces, and in the east and along the docks you ride for miles and miles where whole families live in one room and where semistarvation reigns.

Let me give you two pictures of London

which I have seen during my stay. One is the church parade at Hyde Park, which takes place every noon on Sundays from 1 until 2 o'clock. This will give you some idea of the possible market for the best of American goods. Hyde Park is a great expanse of green frees, soft, velvety turt, beautiful lakes and walks and drives. On last Sunday there were 2),000 people walking up and down the chief thoroughfares, and these people represented the cream of Lendon swelldom. I have never seen so many persons so well dressed. Every man and every boy wore a tall slik hat. All were gloved, and the men wore frock coats and trousers slightly creased. As a whole the American men are the best dressed of their kind in the world, but the Hyde Park crowd on Sundays is better dressed than they, as it represents only the best tailors of the

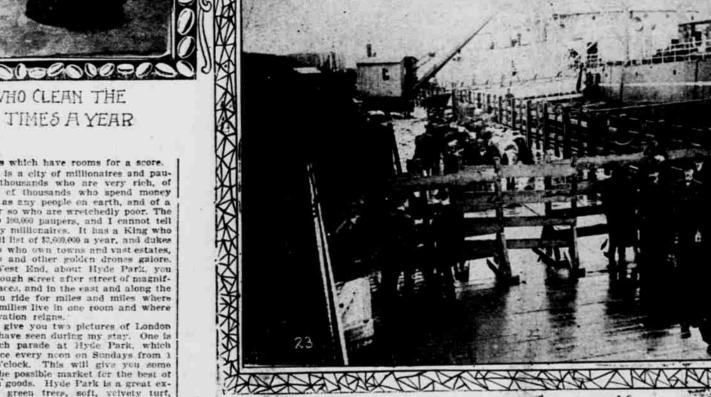
And then the women! My heart jumps as I think of them. There were at least 10.00) dainty girls and lordly dames, clad in Paris gowns and bonnets, and last, but not least, in American shoes. They were good look-ing, and as a rule tall and stately. They merely walked back and forth, some with men and some without, staring and laughing and chatting.

allty under the san, although the majority were English. At the same time there were carriages, coaches and foor-in-hands driving along the roads outside the walks there were scores of automobiles whistling by, and, all together, the scene made me think that Poverty was dead. It was the

CONSTRASTING PICTURE OF STRAND SLUM PARADE.

Now let me give you a picture of the Imagine yourself on light the word cam: parade of the poor. the Strand on the night the that the Boer War was ended and peace had come. Every one is mad with joy, and the lower cacses have dropped work for a holday. They have poured themselves from Whitechapel and the slums of other parks of the city and have come to Fleet street, the carant and Trainigar Square to celebrate the oceasion.

Many of them, have been drinking all day and more are draking now. The crowd consists of women and men, boys and girls, rushing, pushing and jesting one another as they move up and down the sidewalks and roadways. At time, they stop the 500 hotels, from enormous buildings which buses and the hansom cabs must go at a cover acres and sleep thousands down to walk.



AMERICAN CATTLE FOR ENGLISH MARKETS

are red with drink. Even the women are drunk.

Young girls have long peacock feathers vith which they tickle the men indiscriminntely under the chins as they pass. make mental notes of the crowd. I was surprised at the drunkenness of the crowd. and especially at the number of intexicated women. I have seen every great city of the world, but nowhere have I reen women drinking publicy in the saloons as they do here. On the pence night I gaw drunken girls of 15 and some who seemed younger, although there were signs on the salcon windows saying that children under 14 would not be a rved.

SALOONS THAT WERE CROWDED WITH DRUNKEN MOTHERS. There were stores of women with hables

breaths redolent of whisky and gin. Some of the tables were not more than two weekold, but their mothers bundled them up to their breasts and sang and danced with the The saloors along the Etrand were filled

with hilf-drunken pro-1s of both reves, I looked into saloon after saloon and did not fird one in which there were not women orinking. Many of the women were gra-haired, and even these were drunk. The drinking prevalls throughout London. The much as the men, and you cannot drive thr ush the poerer sections of a Saturday evoling without seeing drunken women

Cancing, chousing or quarrelling.
The secret make one-shink of Dickene's notely, and especially of "Oliver Twist,"
The characters of that story were everywhere and Fagin and his pickpockets were the world than here, and I saw a good specimen of their work as I stood against "the Two men lost their watches inside to minutes. The first was an old fel-with his wife. As the thief rushed

The faces are hard and many of them away the good woman shed tears, saying: 'Yes, they've stolen my husband's watch."
The other was a dude in a tall hat, who, like myself, was out to see the funther knocked off the hat, another pushed the dude and a third grabbed at his water chain and took his gold repeater before he could turn around. I buttoned my cost up

tightly and pushed my way through to one olicemen telling him of the pick-He replied: "Yes, this is the pickpocket's harvest, There will be hundreds of watches stolen There will be hundreds of watches stolen to-night, and we cannot prevent it. You had better keep off the side streets. There is such a jam here that we cannot watch the allers which lead off the Strend. The girls will entire men into the dark places, when their pals will knock them down and red them. The work is dine in a minute, and the thieves get away."

OFFICERS ARE CNDER THE

HOME SECRETARY'S CONTROL In the next day's paper I saw the report of number of rubberies of this kind, one man being knocked down and killed by the

And still London has 15,000 policemen, and they are, I believe, about the best police in the world. The city is so great, however that they connot take care of it all, alhough they do so very well in ordinary

Home Secretary and their jurisdiction extends in every direction within fifteen miles of Charing Cross. Three hundred of them are mounted, and a large part of their busiis chasing bleycle riders and bicycle

thieves. They are not allowed to carry pistals, and their sole weapons are shot clubs. They are far more polite than our police. men, and this notwithstanding they do not receive more than half the pay. The ordinary policeman gets from \$330 to \$490 a year. and a sergeant receives from \$165 to \$785. to this they are furnished with clothing, or money in lieu thereof.

But I must not forget the American invasion. Take a look at London's mighty paunch and see how it may be 'ed with American catables. There ar. 5,009,000 has to be filled three times a day, and already many are filled by us. Indeed, it has been rightly said that England is almost spoonfed by the United States. If her out-

sale supplies were shut off she could not live for more than six months. We annual ly send here more than 28,000,000 pounds of beef, 20,000,000 pounds of bacon, 68,000,000 pounds of cheese, more than 50,000,000 bushels of wheat and more than 100,000,000 bush-

COVERS AN AREA OF THIRTY ACRES.

The city has the greatest markets of the world. Take, for instance, the Copenhagen Fields cattle markets, near Islington, one of the scenes of John Glipin's ride. They cover thirty acres, and handle about 4,000,000 cat-tle every year. Four thousand beeves and 12,000 sheep are on the average sold thete every market day, and the place has accommodations for 10,000 cattle and 35,000

Another great market for cattle is that of Smithfield, on the site where Bloody Queen Mary burnt the saintly John Rogers at the The place has a bloody history, and it is bloody to-day, for it is one of the chief meat markets of London. It is filled with American beef, which is here sold as "rare roast beef of Old England." Then there is the Leadenhall market, where poul-'try has been sold for 400 years, and the great markets of Covent Garden, which sell

fruit, vegetables and flowers. The Covent Garden market is one of the largest of London. It is within a stone's throw of the Strand, and right in the heart of the city. The houses consist of vast buildings of iron and glass, big enough for a national exposition. They belong to the Duke of Bedford, who gets a rent of so much per week for every stall in them. Covent Garden is the chief wholesale

## LEONA GOES TO

"Dear Sister Lou-I have just sat down after saying good-by to Leona to write "" all about it. I must write to somebody who understands. There was a lot to do at inst and Leona was no help, of course. You are not the mother of a growing girl like that, Lou, and can hardly appreciate fully what it means to me to let her go. She will take the full college course, of course, and will know more than I ever thought of finding out when you and I went to Miss Hill's. Leona is an only child and I miss her so. "Oh, Lon, how much there was to do!

"Oh, Lon, how much there was to do!
"It makes my hones ache now to think of
it. There were shirt waists to buy and
things to match and so many last things'
to remind her of. I've tried to be a good
mother to her and I am making the sacrifice for several reasons and in several ways
that I am going to confide alone to you.

"In the first place, her father said he
could not afford to send her, but I had
saved up some mency and I thought she
ought to have the chance. I am doing some orght to have the chance. I am doing some private work teaching, that Leona knows nothing about, and may be able to keep her on there. She is very precedious, you know. "I bought her a ping-pong set, and I understand they play tennis, so the dear girl will have exercise. I hate to think of all those terrible verbs that used to use me up

so much haby talk. I have turned my old black mohair and am having my furs remodeled, and alto-gether I think I can send her that mink collar she doted on so at Chase's store. Also the set of George Ellot. It seems they

do some of that sort of reading, too.
"I must manage it somehow. The dear child went away in a perfect storm of tears and seems to think she never will be able to stand it. And, Lou, how characteristic this was of her-in one hand she held a copy of Hammerton's 'Intellectual Life,' and in the other a notebook for her diary purposes. Ever your loving sister.

"Dear Linda-Here I am at college. Did "Dear Linda-Here I am at college. Did you think I'd ever make it? Such a time as we had persuading father! Of course, I brought the organdic and the case of gloves I won at the last year's Glee Club at home. How far away and stupid that all looks now! We are having a swell time here. I own shares in a boat, have a ping-pong set, play golf (tennis is such a bore) and have joined two Greek societies. I am strictly 'in it.' and I fear my popularity will lead to my needing a new outfit before the year is half up. My clothes are lay, of course, and you ought to see the lovely things Maude Stull and Virginia Bradley have. I've written home for 'beans.' There have. I've written home for 'beans.' There are two chafing dish parties and an autoride for Wednesday. You ought to see Miss Holly—she's the Lit. teacher. She's a dear and never makes us cram the way old Lockjaw did.
The river is perfectly heavenly

"The river is perfectly heavenly now, and we practice there five hours a day. The gym is a wonder, too. But I am more interested in the new drag work. Have you seen it? It's a kind of fancy work, and the new stocks have it on.

"We are planning already for the intercollegiate team work and Tom Wright has written to me for doubles on the occasion.
"I must tell you the most important thing of all—I head the class in fudge—I make 20 kinds. Lovingly,

STEPHENSON ENGINE IS STILL IN USE.

a basket, and I was offered peaches at 85 cents apiece. The peaches were larger than any I have ever seen in the United One of the original locomotives, built by George Stephenson in 1822 for the opening of the line of the Hetton Colliery, near Dur-States. They are raised under glass and are sold from boxes of soft white cotham, England, between their works, a few miles northwest of Durham, and the shipping straits on the Wear at Sunderland, is Among the curious things sold are green still employed hauling the trucks at Hetton gooseberries and rhubarb. This is the only place I know where they call rhubarb fruit. and is now, after eighty years' contin service, claimed to be the "oldest working locomotive in the world." The principal dimensions of this "old-timer" are: Diameter of the cylinders, 10% inches; piston stroke, 24 inches; diameter of the wheels, 3 feet. The weight of the engine is 15 tons, and it has a haulage capacity of about 129 tons at a speed of 10 miles an hour on a fairly level track. Its general design, excepting the cab remains as originally constructed, while some parts, notably the steam dome, are actually portions of the engine as constructed in 1822. After this long and faithful service it is not surprising to learn that the engine is at last becoming unequal to the ever-increasing demands upon it, and the directors of the Hetton Colliery, therefore, and with commendable appropriateness, shortly intend to withdraw the relic from mensions of this "old-timer" are: Diameter every description, from the hothouses of England and the Continent. There were corloads of beautiful roses, vast quantities and with commendable appropriateness, shortly intend to withdraw the relic from Hetton, and it will in the course of a few weeks find a permanent "resting-place" at the Durham College of Science, Newcastlecorloads of beautiful roses, vast quantities of calla lilies, cornflowers as blue as the blue of our flag, and masses of flowers of every tint. The English are fond of flowers on their tables and at dinner and luncheon every well-to-do family has its bouquet to look at. I regret to say that many of the hotels make a better display of flowers than of food.

A little later in the day there is a great retail market at Covent Garden. There are also fruit auctions, where fruit of all kinds is sold in large quantities and where many of the local dealers come to buy. The business is enormous, the sales of a single day running into tens of thousands of pounds.

I have talked with some of the merchants. They tell me that the London market is supplied with apples by America during the winter and that our apples bring the best prices. California fruit of all kinds is in demand, and the market men believe that a good business could be built up in the sale of our late varieties of American peaches and in the hardier kinds of pears.

FRANK G CARPENTER. on-Tyne, where it will be preserved to this and future generations as a worthy example of the earliest period of locomotive engineering. It may be noted here that Stephenson's "No. 1 Locomotive," built for the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad in 1825, continued in working on "the first public railway" until 1850, when it passed into the hands of Messrs. Pease & Partners, by whom it was used for colliery purposes until 1857, at which time it was placed on a pedestal for exhibition at Daron-Tyne, where it will be preserved to this purposes until 1837, at which time it was placed on a pedestal for exhibition at Darlington Station, where it is to be seen to-day; so that not only in point of date of construction, but also as regards years of "active service," must the engine used at the opening of the first public railway give place to that constructed for the Hetton line by George Stephenson fourcours years.

## CENTENARIAN EX-SLAVE BECOMES A MILLIONAIRE.

me arts Recently Decided That John Flannigan Was the Rightful Owner of a Forty-Acre Tract of Land in Omaha-He Has No OL AS 1 Knowledge of Chronology-Cannot Read or Write.

"Oh, "hudderen for the sunday republic. tharedng raised in a moment from a penni- R. A. Taylor, told the old negro, at that as scope former slave to the owner of the whole time nearly 19, that he had no money to pay him, but that he could have the forty fashionable suburb and an aristocratic idence district in a metropolitan city is here unique position in which "Uncle" John inigan, an aged negro, of Omaha, finds ver meelf. Uncle John is said to be 110 years are 1 now, and from present indications has

e him at least twenty years more The highest courts recently handed down a decision awarding to the old man a large tract of land in the city of Omeha, west of North Thirtieth street and south of Ames avenue. Contestants have built fine houses, laid out elegant lawns and have made a pretty addition to the city of what the

Forty years ago, when old John came to scattered buildings along the river bank called "Omaha" was considered worthless There were hundreds of acres of Government land almost as near, and few people cared to reside so far from neighbors. In-dians were still more plentiful in Omaha than whites. At that time the Union Pacific road was only in the minds of President Lincoln, George Francis Train and thers. The nearest railroad was 300 hundred miles away, and all traffic was carried

by boats on the muddy Missouri.

John did odd jobs around the town, among them turning the hand press for the only newspaper in the State of Nebraska. Finally the newspaper went to the wall, and the assets falled to equal the liabilities.

to John for his work. The proprietor, Mr seres of wild land out on the prairie. demurred but finally accepted the offer, since it was "land or nothing." RUILT SMALL SOD HOUSE ON PROPERTY.

The old negro knew nothing of law or deeds and failed to have any record made of the transaction. Taylor seemed to think the land of no value and also failed to make a deed to Flannigan.

John built a small sod house on the prop-

corn until the city began to grow and en-One day ten years later, off in the furthest orner of the land, a stranger began the rection of a small house. John walked over and asked why he was building a house on his land. The stranger produced a deed to the lot, given by former Governor James E.

erty, and each year raised a little crop of

Mr. Boyd had a deed for the entire farm, given by Taylor, the newspaper man, who had given the land to John.

Flannigan immediately took the matter into the courts, where it has been for thirty

nigan's claim was unmolest occupancy of the property after it was given to him; Boyd's purchase, from Taylor.

During the thirty years in which the mat-

ter has been in the courts the case has been tried nine times and each time the old negro received the verdict.

From time to time Mr. Boyd sold lots, always subject to John's claims—while the

old man continued to live in the little house he had erected in one corner of the

Gradually the city grew and expanded and finally surrounded the property. Then an electric line was built along one side of it. Lots became very valuable. The Missouri Pactite Railroad, fighting for an entrance into Omaha, built through the land, within ten feet of the old man's house. This part became very valuable by reason of its splendid trackage facilities, and isctories are springing up all around it. At the other end of the tract magnificent houses and residences were being built and thousands of dollars expended. WILL SHARE HIS WEALTH

WITH THE POOR. When I called to see him after the sult was fluished and the decision given "Uncle" John was sitting in front of his little home. "'Uncle' John, what will you do about all these houses out there on your land?" I

fur er long time. I'm gwine do dis er way. It alty one dem pussons had ter wuk fur dem houses, en dat's all day got, I'm gwine ter gin em er deed fur hit. I b.n wukin' er hundred yeahs, en I know how 'tis en how hard 'tis ter make money. But ef day's rich pussons I'm gwine er make em pay me ever cent I kin."

The old negro can neither read nor write. nor can his wife. He has no knowledge of chronology and, in talking, compares with great events. When asked as to his age



House in which John Flannigan has lived fifteen years and is situated on the prop-

Frank Eddington, en he took me to Elkton. Frank Eddington, en he took me to Eleton.

Ky. Day useter call him 'Old Kintuck.' He paid \$1,000 fur me. I wuz de best hoss doctor in dat whole country. Den old Mars Bill Mumford bought me. He pay \$4,000. En den Mr. Bryce Stewart of Clarksville, Tenn. he pay Mars Bill \$5,000 fer me. En den Peter Peacher, en den John Pritchard, he pay \$5,000 fur me. I wuz a valable nigger and chronology and, in taking, great events. When asked as to his age the old negro said:

"Well, suh, I wus forty-one yeahs ole when de stahs fell (1823). Dat's what my mamma toke me, en ole Miss, she say same thing. I wus er livin' in ole Verginny thing. I wus er livin' in ole Verginny den, down in Fluvana County, fourteen mile from Palmyra, on Big Bird Creek. My master wus Jim Flannigan. Dat night all den ingers 'tound dat county bin to-er cornshuckin'. Comin' 'long home I wus wid a yalier gal name Linda. 'Bout two o'clock in de mornin' stahs gin to shoot some. Den some more, en erbout haf pas' two hit wis des awful. De world look i ke er consum n' nre. hit kep up till erbout four o'clock. We all des prayed. Could hear um er-shoutin' en er-prayin' everyots.

"Well, Mars John Bell buy me en send me ober to Fort Donaldson Iron Works to 'ten' to de hosses ober dar. Mars John. he mighty good man to us niggers He de make trone day come erlong draw what run fur President 'ginst Lincoln "Well, Mars John Bell buy me en send me ober to Fort Donaldson Iron Works to 'ten' to de hosses ober dar. Mars John. he mighty good man to us niggers He de make trone what run fur President 'ginst Lincoln "Well, Mars John Bell buy me en send me en wid ober to Fort Donaldson Iron Works to 'ten' to de hosses ober dar. Mars John. he mighty good man to us niggers He de make trone what run fur President 'ginst Lincoln "Well, Mars John Bell buy me en send me en wid ober to Fort Donaldson Iron Works to 'ten' to de hosses ober dar. Mars John. he mighty good man to us niggers He de make trone what run fur President 'ginst Lincoln "Well, Mars John Bell buy me en wid me ober to Fort Donaldson Iron Works. En one day come erlong er big to Yankee sojers, en de way day 'A did fight dem men ober at Fort Donaldson 'well, Mars John Bell buy me en day to 'ten' to de hosses ober dar. Mars John Bell buy me en day to 'ten' to de hosses ober dar. Mars John Bell buy me en day to 'ten' to de hosses ober dar. Mars John Bell buy me en day to 'ten' to de hosses ob

JOHN PLANNIGAN Ex-slave, age 110 years.

in ole Virginny, was Mars Tom Jefferson He useter come to Mars Jim Flannigan whar I lived, often. Us nirgers not like Mars Tom Jefferson. He warn't good to

"Den Gin'ral Gawge Washington come to our house twice since I kin 'member. He er great big man, dat is, he er tail man, more great big man, dat is, he er tall man, more 'an six foot high. He got great big haid, en my, how he could ride er hoss! I worked wid hosses nearly er hundred years, but no man I eber seed could ride one like Mars Gawge Washington. I des er little nigger den, but my mammy, she tell me always 'member how dat man look. En I do. One day he come ter our house en hring Gin'ral 'Andy' Jackson wid him. Dat last time I seed him.

seed him.
"When de red coats come en burn Wash-ington I hear de white folks er talkin' erbout it. We live erbout er hundred mile erway, but we all mighty 'feared day com-

in arter us.
"I went to Washington onet, wid Mars-Jim Flansigan. Dat wus er long time 'fore de redcoats burn de town. Mars Jim, he go

dar to 'tend to business, en' he take me ter 'tend de hoeses. I wuz des erbout 15 den. Day warn't much ob de town den, but day wuz er buildin' some mighty big houses.
"One day, arter I done come to Omaha, wun walkin' erlong der street, en I see dat nigger woman what's ober dar in de chair. I look at her, en she look at me. Den I 'members her. She useter live nex' plantation ter ours, back in ole Virginny. She a little gal when I 'most a man. We des ray we gwine get married. An' arter while we did. Bin livin' right here in dis house eber since, hain't we, Jula?"

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mary . or its kind for all Lordon. The best time to see it is shortly af er daybreak. I left my forms about 4 relock a. m. last

Saturday and walked down to them. All the servers surrounding the market-houses proper were filled win carts and wagons loaded with vegetable.

Imagine the largest hay wagon you have

ever seen piled high with green cabbages, so that the load is tailer and broader than any load of sheaves ever brought in from the which helds. The cabbages are inid in regular rows, and there are thousands

Then there were great loads of pink rad-ishes, each radish no larger than a pigeon's egg, piled up the same way, so carefully that they formed mighty cubes of pink balls. There were vast loads of spinach

and carrots, onions and potatoes, and all sorts of green stuff, from water cross to

asparagus.

There was a great display of fruit in baskets and crates. There were oranges from California, and apples from Virginia and also from New York and Oregon.

Many of the apple boxes were marked Tas mania and some South Australia, the lat-ter having been brought here on a forty

days' trip in cold-storage ships. There were hothouse grapes, peaches and straw-berries. The strawberries sold at 75 cents

ton, being handled as carefully as new

Rhubarb and gooseberry tarts are served

everywhere and my teeth are still on edge from trying to masticate the so-called green

geoseberry tart. The berries are larger than ours, but so sour that they turn the face of a girl of 18 into that of an old

Leaving the vegetable market I went to

the building adjoining, where flowers are sold. I can not describe the blaze of color

and beauty which greeted me as I entered.

The great building, as large as one of our

maid of 30 us she bites into them. CARLOADS OF BEAUTIFUL

ROSES FOR SALE.

GREAT QUANTITIES OF

FRESH COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of heads of cabbage to the load.

asparagus.

AUNT" JULIA'S WAR EPISODE.

And then "Aunt" Julia, sitting in her cor-ner, said: "I wanter tell you bout how I got my daughter back when Mars Lincoln set her free, en her marster won't let "Dat war back in Verginny, too. My

gal, Ellen, couldn't git erway. Day keep her in de house, en won't let her out. "One day some big sojers on hosses come riden' eriong. I des run out in de road, en day stops, en I tole um all arbout hit. Den one man says, says he: 'Whar am dat gal?' En I say, 'She ober yander in dat big house.' Den day go wid me en make 'em let Ellen outen de house. Den day send us erway. Arter day gone, one dem solers say ter me: 'You know who dat man wus?' I say, 'No,' but he er good man.' De soler say, 'Dat's Glaral Garfield en Ginral Rosectanz.' En I say. 'I'm gwine pray fur dem two men all

COULD NOT COMPREHEND ORDER OF EVENTS.

When the old man was put on the witness stand to prove the number of years he had resided on the land it was necessary to al-low him to compare with the different Presidents, as he has no knowledge of the coln was President?" he was asked.

"Right out on dat lan' what I live now,"

re were you when Grant was Pres!-

"Not Andrew Jackson, but Andrew John "Oh, I mistook whut you said. I-I don't seem ter somehow recollect dis Johnsing you menshun, les he wus de man wif Lin-"Well, now, Uncle John, do you remember

"Oh, yes, vey well, sah: only his kinder seems like dah wus some hitch 'bout his gettin' into de White House." "And do you remember when Roscoe Conkling was President?"

"Who dat you say? "Roscoe Conkling." "No, sah, I don't know num' bout de

Remember Cleveland?" Yes, sah. He wus kinder split up en ome back oncet arter we done turned him

"Well do you remember when Bryan was President? "I specs," said Old John, with a chuckle, "dat I comes as nigh memberin' it as Mars Bryan he-seif. Mistah Bryan vey nice man.

sah, but he wahn't never President. He cain't be. De' Lawd tended Mistah Bryan to be en auctioneer, en he des tritterin' way his time tryin' do dese udder things."

'The two old negroes live alone in their little house, although they have children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren living in Omaha. The court has appointed a guardian for the old man, and his new posessions will be taken care of.

Went Up, but Did Not Fly.

Once upon a time there was a man who thought that he had invented a flying machine, and in order to construct a full-size working model he spent all the money he had and all he could borrow from his

had and all he could friends.

When he had completed the machine he tried to make it fly, but it was dashed to earth with his hopes. When his friends inquired of him about the result of his experiment, he answered:

"I can never pay you what I owe. The machine is a wreck, and I have gone up."

Moral—An aeronaut may go up without his flying machine.